

Praying With Ms. Williams

As the afternoon eases into dusk she walks
in; an affliction of furry moles on her face,
plum-purple hair neatly tucked under
a worn tweed-hat, stands close to his bed.

Crippled by good manners, she slowly rolls
fat fingers over the gaping cracks of The Book,
Jesus is on her mind . . . I hear the struggle in
her voice, peppered with broken sentences;

the central pillars of faith cloaked in the purest
thoughts may not reverse the faith of this Jewish
boy . . . eyes fixed on the hanging Star of David,
she places both hands on his head and suggests:

“Let’s pray to the God of all people . . .” I imagine
prayers, seeping through naked bones, reaching
the seed of our forefathers in the unbroken DNA,
letting every verse weave into hope . . . a miracle.

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Hopeful Dream

In the hospital room He appeared;
a plume of sea-spray leaping off
a wave, stringing words like a jeweler

looping sea pearls . . . Love thickens
my veins, slivers of His reflection above
the bed, generously swelling my son's body

with layers of ancient dust, resting vast
hands on frail flesh, glancing through me,
"feel your brokenness, wake up."

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Passing through the Cemetery

Exhausted from the long stay at the ER,
I walk away, angry at the ten specialists
and their failure in finding the cause for

his sudden illness, stop by Starbucks
on Colley, buy a Carmel Frap and two
almond snacks for the late-night drive

around town; consider the uncertainty,
the risk of premature passing, how his
young-life might turn into a memory.

I end on Princess Anne Road and park
by the partially open gate; massive black
poles with rustic Star of David mounted

on two stone columns, both safeguarding
the living from the dead roaming expansive
rows of marble stones, sharp foliage poking

through crevasses on headstones, the cold
is oppressive to bones. I crouch by mounds
of cool earth, a tide of fury rises within, with

hesitation push my hands into the damp earth,
feel her richness tingling through my skin, roll
my head from one shoulder to the other, rocking

my body side to side and weep freely, I seized
eternity, open my heart to higher consciousness,
Shepherd of the Forest, receive him with dignity.

Father to father

October 10, 2018

When I stand in front of the Wall
shadows of doubt feeds the flesh
of my eyes; be silent wasted vows,
it-is I who walked the divided Sea
to everlasting freedom to endure
the endless mystery called Life!

*

Ffather said, be the fiddler of words,
give them string and whoosh of air,
carve names on a thin drip of pulp
with the tiniest grain of cedar wood,
discover self beyond doubt—I Am
and will remain unseen for eternity.

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Maybe It's Best

O Father, there is a light within your very midst
melting the elements of divine blueprint--the gift
of free-will no longer in balance, can't you see,
the voice you seek elusive as meaning of dreams
folding onto another, day after day, *holy-holy-holy*.

As you are, suspended in the great stillness of the
sea, a hollowed space, far from the very center of
Flame, the Garment of God awaits you, now go and
reach the Gate in one drunk stride, the crowd edgy
with talk, don't look back, your Book is sealed.

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I Never Left
October 8, 2018

I always been here, just beneath

the breath of wind caressing the
edge of fronds and chant of psalms

don't weep nor strike upper chest
in regrets, this is home, solemnly yours
but I wish I could erase these moments

filling me with dread as I watch father
so very slowly settling onto his favorite
armchair; a brute not panting for air

but a man fueled by wrath, I stare at his
self glorified hallucinations that cruelly
blur history and memory, oftentimes

to no comfort he notices my anguish,
drawing a smirk and I quickly sort thoughts
in a precise manner, casually with hesitation

offer apologetic smile, *maybe tea with mint?*

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